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Marjorie Allen Seiffert

Dressing-gown you wore
When you went to bed.

Don't look stupid with your drowsy blue eyes—
Here by the bed is your disguise!
You're a gentle wife
And a tender mother,
And all your life
You shall be no other.

Life is a shawl to wrap about your shoulder—
Every day warmer, every day older.
In half an hour
You'll be dressed,
Youth like a flower
Wilting on your breast.

DREAM-KISS

Moment of delight—most delicate,
Cool as a rose is cool;
Swift and silent as a pool
To mirror wings in flight;
Passionate as frost is passionate
With patterns intricate and white;
Pure as music in the night,
Far off, yet intimate—
It came

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Poignant as beauty on swift feet of flame.
It paused . . . was gone . . . most delicate
Moment of delight.

SHADOW

Like the flickering shadow
Of birds flying
Over a wide meadow,
Something passes;
Some forgotten or untold
Dream flies over,
Its wings brushing
Lightly against me, as rushing
Fingers of wind touch clover
And bending grasses.
I am cold
With the shadow of something dying.

AS YOU ARE NOW

Under golden boughs that lean and drift
You lift your head, and ripples of light
Touch the leaves till they quiver,
Reaching down in a motionless
Unachieved caress.
The branches ache with their desire,
And the wind holds its breath.
The moment dies in a shiver